

A D R A M A
In Three Acts



By
JOSEPHSON

With biographical notes after "The Life and
Work of Jaures" in French
of Charles Rappoport

A P O R T R A I T O F J A U R E S



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JEAN JAURES

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A PORTRAIT OF JAURES



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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JAURES.

LAMBERT, veteran of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, a salesman, 65 years of age.

ANNETTE, daughter of Lambert, wife of Gaston Rapin.

LEON, their son, 16 years of age.

CONSPIRATORS AGAINST JAURES—

GASTON RAPIN, Lieutenant of the Reserve, assistant editor of the daily "Le Patriote."

CALLET, editor-in-chief of "Le Patriote."

KOSLOFF, Russian secret agent in the service of the Russian Ambassador.

GRAHAM, English agent in the service of the English Minister.

ANTONIO, Italian agent in the service of the Italian Minister.

MME. CHABOT, wife of the Minister Chabot.

MARIE, Servant in the home of Lambert.

GASPARD, her fiancé, a soldier.

PERIN AND POILU, waiters at the Restaurant "Croissant."

NINETTE, Premier danseuse in "Maxim's," and other girls of the ballet.

CHARLES AND LAURENS, journalists employed in "Le Patriote."

PEOPLE, guests at the "Croissant."

The scenes are laid in Paris. The time of the occurrence is before the second of August, 1914, the beginning of the war, except for the third tableau in the third act, which happens one year after the declaration of peace.

A FEW REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR.

On the morning of the 31st of July, 1914, the hand of a blind fanatic ended the life of a man endowed with the highest intellectual powers and a most sincere love for all Mankind.

This dastardly crime stood in intimate relation with, and was the forerunner of the present epoch of fratricidal horror which has caused the overflow of the bloody cup from which occidental rulers have so often drunk since the inception of their régimes.

There is no doubt that the responsibility for this catastrophe rests upon the shoulders of those statesmen, that press, and those writers who have continually indulged in intrigues, and systematically published untruthful statements, misleading articles and books unscrupulously disseminating them among the people.

This literature, although very ably edited, so far as style and cleverness are concerned, is one of the principal causes which were instrumental in bringing about this terrible disaster, for it abused and debased for mercenary reasons the noblest ideals of humanity, namely, true love of one's nation, and unselfish devotion to one's country.

This state of affairs had existed long before the outbreak of the war, but it reached its climax and developed fully its pernicious character during the progress of the conflict. Books, newspapers, periodicals and speeches by the best known and most admired men, such as B. G. Shaw, H. Bergson, Hauptmann, Haeckel, Kipling, Cecil Chesterton, Maeterlinck, and others, have sprung up in countless numbers, creating a literature which by virtue of its masterly and aesthetic form befuddles the thoughts of the reader and detracts his attention from the actual state of terror.

It is amazing how varied and contradictory are the writings on the causes, aims, and results of the present war, how the same authors reverse themselves and express, at different times, entirely opposing views, and how they endeavor to voice their opinions, not because they believe them to be true.

but because they are agreeable to the preconceived notions of their readers. Some Authors indulge in all sorts of metaphysical speculations on the survival of the soul of the brave warriors who fall in battle; the religious writers emphasize the faith in the intercession of the saints to Christians, to Buddhists they prescribe the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul, to Shintoists who prevail among the Japanese to lay stress on the cult of ancestors who are supposed to continue their earthly existence in heaven, and so forth. All recipes for our consolation a typical specimen of which is the following passage from Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian mystic and poet. Here is what he says:

“Death does not cut into life; it can do nothing against life. The total amount of life remains always the same. That which death takes from those who fall enters into those who remain standing. If the number of lamps diminishes, the light of the flame rises. Death gains nothing as long as any life exists. The more ravages it effects, the more it increases the intensity of the life it does not touch; the more it pursues its illusory victory, the better it proves to us that humanity will end by conquering it.”

Not less characteristic of our times is the precipitation of an avalanche of poetry breathing the basest animal instincts of hatred, bloodshed and lust for revenge, from the pen of literateurs like Rostand, Kipling, D’Annunzio, Lis-sauer and others of lesser importance.

G. B. Shaw now urges a “Fight to a Finish,” having formerly been persistent in his denunciation of warfare. At one time an advocate of Irish freedom, he is now making light of the martyrs of the Irish Revolution of 1916, one of the few bright episodes in these darkest of times.

Bergson champions the destruction of everything German, and bases his “theory” on the result of his investigations—that all German professors in all German universities have been preaching war.

On the other hand, German intellectuals, like Hauptmann, Haeckel, Sudermann and others, have written essays and poems denouncing in venomous language the nations now at war with the Central Powers.

What is true of France, England, Russia, Germany and the other nations is also true of the United States. Here, too, there is a group, not large, but very powerful and malicious, utilizing the Press and other agents of propaganda to brand as traitors and vilify men of indisputable integrity, just because they raise their voices for peace. What this bellicose group is aiming at is the enforcement and preservation of its power which is so luringly named "Democracy." In reality, this group is nothing less than an oligarchy composed of the capitalistic and military elements who, just as the old autocratic rulers, disregard the law if it conflicts with their own selfish interests, the welfare of the people under their régime, being only incidentally, if at all, involved.

Even some of the Socialist leaders who before have slyly crept to the hearts of the class conscious worker and made him believe they were representing him, have suddenly turned warriors, more ferocious than the rest.

William English Walling, Charles E. Russell, Ernest Poole are among the loudest and most verbose of patriots. They are all men to whom Socialism had always been a fad, a sort of novel pastime on a higher intellectual plane than their usual occupations. It was worth their while as long as it did not demand their active participation and complete moral support of its principles. No sooner were our friends called upon to practice the ideas they preached, than they failed to respond, and not modestly, as becomes contemplative minds lacking the energy to act heroically in a critical moment, but with clamorous uproar they have called upon the government to indict for treason their former comrades, for their peace utterances—those very comrades with whom they have been working hand in hand for many years.

Can any one find in the whole world similar types of such base cowardice? If rebuked, they will point to their writings and speeches on Socialism as proofs of the work they have done for the movement. They forget, however, that the ideals and principles embodied in their writings, were entrusted to them by those sincere and great leaders who sacrificed their fortunes and their lives in the struggle against exploitation and enslavement of the worker.

These Socialist war agitators proved themselves slackers in the maintenance of the ideals and principles of the

great masters, who had never intended their teachings for men who would dally and sport with literature and ideals in such a manner as to become the object of newspaper gossip and cheap sensation.

The mask having been torn off their face, the people feel so much better to see the grain sifted clean from the chaff which shall be blown to the winds in order that the latter may disappear forever from among the true and self sacrificing radicals.

This is one example of many, especially numerous among the intellectuals where prevails a general inconsistency, a reeling from one side to the other as if drunk by the craze of the age—War. One day a prophetic message of peace and brotherhood of all mankind will be launched, the following day a series of essays in very fine rhetoric, replete with historic proof and data purporting to convince the lay reader of the biological and higher moral necessity of war.

Amidst all this confusion, the memory of Jean Jaurès stands out like an oasis in a desert, the sole hope of this sinking world, sustaining the courage of the few who love and cherish the ideals he taught.

Jaurès will remain immortal, together with all those heroic characters who gave their lives in the struggle for economic independence and peace for all human kind. Such men, though, stand ever in the way of existing governments whose interests and tendencies are diametrically opposed to the welfare of the governed.

An able statesman nowadays is one who will uphold existing conditions at any price and who, urged on by an unbounded ambition, will, even at the cost of his own head, persist, in order to prolong the unbalanced state of society wherein the people must work, and the dominating class enjoy the fruits of labor.

Jaurès was always the most dangerous enemy of the dominating classes of all nations, and always fought their underhand methods and the so-called "secret diplomacy."

This secret diplomacy, nothing but an ornamental denomination which hides the basest and most criminal acts, and with which are identified men of the highest ranks in the

governmental caste, employed, as I shall show in the play, the most questionable characters to conspire against, and end the life of Jean Jaurès. This crime was committed not by an assassin in a typical murderer's garb, but by the well-mannered, intellectual, smooth-tongued, silk-gloved and frocked gentlemen of the latest fashion.

New York, 1st of July, 1917.



ABEL (*very faintly*). What is he who speaks of God?

CAIN. Thy murderer.

ABEL. Then may God forgive him! Cain, comfort poor Zillah; she has but one brother now. (*Abel dies.*)

Byron's Cain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Editor's office of the newspaper "Le Patriote"; a door on the left; another door at rear of stage; through large windows in back of office a square is seen surrounded by buildings and animated by people in the street.

Callet, Rapin, Laurens, Charles all sitting at their desks, Callet occupying the center.

CALLET (*calling*). Mr. Charles, Mr. Laurens. (*They arise and approach Callet.*) Please see that two articles be inserted in tomorrow's issue, one on the first page, the other on the third, exposing the hypocrisy of Jaurès . . . from unquestionable sources. . . . I know his private life not to be one of simplicity and atheism, as he preaches, but a luxurious and religious life. In writing you must use your imagination and strongest terms to unmask this sham radical. Mr. Rapin, will you give the gentlemen the material to work on?

Rapin rises, takes out some papers and shows them to Laurens and Charles.

RAPIN. You see the intentions of this man are all directed towards getting popularity. The government will soon have to come before the financiers for loans to strengthen our Army and Navy: this is of the greatest importance for the future of France; and here is this man interfering. Don't you think so? (*Laurens and Charles both nod in sign of approval.*)

CALLET. Please after reading the material to report to me what you, Mr. Laurens, will introduce as the essence of your attack, and what your's will be, Mr. Charles.

CHARLES AND LAURENS. Very well. (*Exit through door on left, on which there is a sign "Editorial Rooms."*)

SCENE 2.

RAPIN. There was a telephone message from Count Kosloff; he's due here at three o'clock.

CALLET. Oh, yes, I'm expecting him. What is agitating your circle, Rapin?

RAPIN. Well, Chief, it's the heated discussion on the income tax, and Minister Chabot, who is its defender and champion. Opinions are divided between those who will be affected by it, those that will have to pay and those for whom the bill does not mean anything, who have nothing to fear, with no incomes or incomes too small to be affected in case the bill passes the Chamber of Deputies; but, what really heavily depresses those of us who are patriots, are the efforts of the Socialists to bring about a union between labor organizations of all countries to oppose any steps the government might take to prepare in case of war. . . . "The International." In this organization I see great danger and fear for the future of France, whose people cannot rest until the defeat of 1870 is made good. The nation wants it, and it is only the misguided agitator and leader who hampers this most holy cause. Exterminate these over-radical leaders, and we bring back the people to the consciousness of their duty, which is to heal this terrible wound on the body of France.

CALLET. Yes, Gaston, my friend; and in my opinion the most dangerous of all is Jaurès, a powerful orator, a demagogue of the first rank, well liked in Germany, and tireless in his efforts to strengthen "The International." His ideas are always to surrender to Prussia; he considers Germany the best and strongest of nations and urges us to imitate and befriend her. We had enough proof of what Prussian friendship means. This appealing always to the Frenchman's good heart and enthusiasm for humanity almost cost us our existence. High sounding words and incessant prayer have never made France what she is. It was to bravery on the battle field that this beloved country of ours owes its foundation.

People are gathering in the square as Callet is finishing; band is heard playing "The International" march. They stop in middle of square and a speaker resembling Jaurès is seen addressing the crowd; occasional cheers are heard.

RAPIN. Again an anti-militaristic meeting (*pointing to the crowd outside*). What do they want, these fools?

CALLET. They are all inspired by Jaurès; where are our patriots to agitate as powerfully as does Jaurès? If I were younger and my hands steady, I would shoot to death this man who brings about the ruin of his country; he is dangerous, very dangerous. The ignorant people believe in him. Should they really have the power in their hands, France would soon become a province of Prussia.

RAPIN (*with vehemence*). Oh, no, Mr. Callet, the martial spirit of the Frenchmen is not yet dead. The sons of the heroes of Tolbiac, Bouvines and Marengo will feel all the valor of their glorious fathers revive at the country's first call. Jaurès and all the others who will attempt to bar the way of the defenders of this sacred soil of our fathers will pay the penalty of death, were I the only one left to exact it.

CALLET. Bravo, my boy.

Rapin leaves, the voice of the speaker from the square is plainly heard—it is summer, the middle of July—the weather is extremely hot—the office windows are open. Callet at his desk seems intensely absorbed in reading.

VOICE OF THE SPEAKER. There are only a handful of people who want to send us, the millions, to death, for benefits only dead men can derive. Therefore we Socialists have the right to set ourselves against these leaders who for years have been fighting us in the name of the Principles of the French Revolution. What have you done, we cry in pain, with The Declaration of the Rights of Man—with individual freedom? You have trifled with it, left all this to the insolence of the military power.

Ah, I know very well! And as if I now hear our enemies! What? These are Socialists, revolutionists, who are busying themselves with righteousness. Yes, we are; we want to abolish the laws that hold sacred the privileges of capitalist property—the exploitation of the wage earners by the rich—yes, tear down such laws, and, if necessary, through Revolution that shall bring a new order in our life. France does not want war—she needs Peace for the immense task of Socialist Transformation just as she needed Peace for thirty years in order to establish the security of the

Republic. The most decisive proof of peaceful intentions that France could give to the world is to join neither Germany against England, nor England against Germany. We must believe in Peace between Germany and England and work for it incessantly and sincerely. The capitalists tell us that we are traitors to our country and that patriotism consists in the passionate preference for France. This is not true. To a Frenchman, patriotism consists in knowing France well, her qualities and her defects, her virtues and her vices, her lights and her shadows—finally to be able to correct her faults, cure her vices, remove her shadows in order to aid with the growth of her virtues the general progress of humanity. To tell a Frenchman that his duty is to passionately prefer France, to a German, Germany, to an Englishman, England, to the Italian, Italy, to the Chinese, China, is to create within all peoples a party struck by blindness, injustice and violence. This is, though, the formulæ of the doctrine of national barbarism. . . . The “patriots” so-called are those that feed these doctrines—we know what for them signifies their country and their patriotism; social reaction within, hypocritic violence without. I tell you, citizens, there is at present but one chance to maintain Peace and the goods of civilization, and that is, that the workingmen assemble all their forces with the English, Russian, German and Italian workingmen, and unite in one powerful force that will prevent this horrible disaster. *Cheers and hand-clapping, with cries of “Down with Militarism. Long leave Jaurès—general demonstration.*

Callet ostentatiously closes window; angry faces and gestures seen looking into the office; Callet pulls down shades. Kosloff enters; after exchange of greetings with Callet, makes himself at home.

KOSLOFF. Disgusting, idiotic pack—no such nonsense could happen in Russia—here they never get tired. Such heat, and that fellow there screams himself hoarse. Never were battles won by talking.

CALLET. The people must have their favorite play. It doesn't hurt, friend. They follow like the sheep their shepherd. In the end they will follow the strongest individuals. To-morrow you may see the same popular leader now agitating against war, himself a member and advisor

in the war party. Glory is what all are after. You Russians have a people who can easily be handled. A Napoleon, a Briand are typical of the contrasts in the careers of our leaders. In their youth inflamed with the most absurd ideas, 'tis only after some years of such useless and impractical activity for the people, as well as for themselves, that they realize their strength to rule the people. This accomplished, they climb upon the highest rung of the political ladder, and let me tell you, no other statesman is qualified so well to induce the people to follow the wishes of the government.

KOSLOFF. True, Mr. Callet, perfectly true. From the Frenchman always come the grandiose, the original, great, unexpected. (*Callet offers him a seat near his desk.*) By the way, Mr. Callet, I would like to see what I owe for the different publications I inserted in your paper.

CALLET. With pleasure, Count; here is the statement: *The German Oppression and the Suffering of the People of Alsace-Lorraine*, Frs. 1000.00. *The Announcement of the Building of Fifty Submarines in German Ports*, Frs. 200.00. An article by Gustav Del Monte on *The Resemblance, Common Characteristics and Aspirations of the French and Italian Nations*, Frs. 2000.00. *The Murder of the Austrian Heir Apparent, a Result of Austrian Misrule in Bosnia and Herzegovina*, Frs. 2000.00. An editorial on *The Efficiency of the English Navy and Its Invincibility*, Frs. 4,000.00. *Austria's Demands on Little Serbia*, Frs. 800.00. An editorial on *The Hardiness and Natural Resistance of the Russian Soldier*, Frs. 2000.00. The sum total is Frs. 12000.00.

KOSLOFF (*takes out pocket book, counts money on desk; Callet pockets it.*) Thank you for your services, my dear friend; everything runs to my perfect satisfaction.. Of course it's expensive. Callet—it runs into millions. The Minister, you know, is very liberal and does not spare any money to realize his long-wished-for ideas. He has similar articles placed in all the most important newspapers of the world, an army of writers and orators are employed, especially in France, against pacifists and socialists. He entertains lavishly, thereby bringing together leaders of different opinions, acquainting them, softening their tempers, and so

makes his views on political affairs acceptable to them. Last night there was a grand affair at the Embassy. Our favorite, Ninette, and Puzinsky danced marvellously. The Minister was most of the time with me, greatly worried about Jaurès and his pacifist activities. He is aware of the danger and several of our men, he told me, are in the club of the Cercle National exposing Jaurès, and proving to the members that this Socialist agitator is the cause of the indifference of the French people towards the policy of the nation to free from German slavery your brothers of Alsace-Lorraine.

CALLET. I can assure you I have full confidence in the Minister. Nothing will escape his notice; a brilliant mind. By the way, Count, let us meet at Maxim's to-night. We will see Ninette there. Isn't she a jolly companion?

KOSLOFF. I adore her, don't you? Oh, somewhat expensive. I'll surely be there at eleven o'clock. I am awaiting Mr. Graham and Mr. Antonio. They will soon be here. We want to discuss the situation together and have you hear their opinions on the methods to be followed in our propaganda. You know them, Callet; what do you think of them?

CALLET. Antonio, Graham? Certainly I do, colleagues of mine. Clever fellows, and you can entrust them with anything. They are serious and they mean business.

KOSLOFF. Friend, but they are also somewhat expensive.

CALLET. 'Tis worth every bit; they deserve it. I know what they can do. Clever at organizing and executing an idea, tireless workers.

KOSLOFF. The Minister follows closely your publications on military affairs and greatly praised them before us. All he wants now is a continuous attack in the press of all pacifists and conciliatory tendencies. He first wants to see Jaurès placed in safety. This man is too active and too influential. All great personalities in the government agree that Jaurès can accomplish things that will seriously interfere with French and Russian co-operation. Graham and Antonio, you may know, are confidential agents of their embassies, and you shall hear from them the corroboration of my Minister's ideas. Now is the time. The Cercle National

is enraged against Jaurès, and I can assure you that the end of this vain and ambitious man will come from there.

CALLET (*smiling*). You are reading my very thoughts. Just before you came, I repeated the same thing to Rapin, my secretary, a noble and valiant soldier. This brave son of France assured me that Jaurès and all others who will interfere with our just cause will die at the hands of those patriots ready to pay with their heads rather than suffer indignities at the hands of Prussia, that monster of civilization.

KOSLOFF (*shrugs his shoulders*.) It is only explosions of enthusiastic youth. This seldom leads to a practical end. At an enemy we must strike directly. (*In quiet tones*) Jaurès must be dead before he makes any decisive move. We are all convinced that it is in the interests not only of France and Russia, but of the entire world. True enough Rapin can do it, but how make it certain as to the act to be accomplished and the time of its accomplishment? I know there is nothing to fear from the government. Everything is taken care of. Here, Mr. Callet, are Frs. 500,000.00 Do your best, and help bring this patriotic deed to a successful conclusion. Let us proceed and stop at nothing to save the honor of our nations. (*Takes out money and puts it on the desk*.)

CALLET (*absorbed in thought, stands up and pockets the money*.) It's done, Kosloff. (*They shake hands*.) At a dangerous moment Jaurès first and his adherents after shall be blown to dust. We don't want our countries following the ideas of Jaurès, to go down to destruction for the lack of fighting spirit, due to a prevalence of softened and lazy individuals, just as the Byzantine and Chinese Empires went down following the preachings of societies and men of the type of Jaurès.

Bell is heard ringing. Rapin enters and hands letter to Callet.

RAPIN. This must be from Mme. Chabot.

Callet opens the letter and after reading it, hands it over to Rapin.

RAPIN (*looks at letter*.) Mme. Chabot really writes a touching letter. She does not wish her love affair with the Minister Monsieur Chabot while he was married to

Madame F. to be thrashed out in the newspapers and used as a political weapon against her husband. It is a pity.

CALLET. How else can we expose this man if not with such proofs of hypocrisy. Let the public know the truth and they will cease cheering these liberals. The time has come when it is dangerous for the nation to let such men lead in politics. The letters when read by the public will tear Chabot down as with dynamite. There will be no possibility for the income bill to pass.

RAPIN (*in thought*). No other way. He is against increase in military appropriations, too. The man is impossible. Full of ambition to lead and cater to the people ignorant of the affairs of State. This is the curse of democracy. I am sure that the articles we published and these love letters that give proof of his miserable character will kill his career forever. (*Rings bell twice. Charles and Laurens enter.*) Insert these letters with proper comment of the character of Deputy Chabot.

LAURENS (*looks at letters*). Oh! Mr. Rapin, with such material at hand, I'll knife him to the bone. Just imagine the hypocrite.

KOSLOFF. This is what I call effective patriotism. Extreme vigilance over the iniquity of corrupted public servants. You see, it is the same with Jaurès, posing as pacifist and working for an alliance with Germany. It is not, as some will say, a high although impractical ideal. He is guilty of profound immorality. It has been proven in actual practice and conclusively shown by events of the past that such so-called ideals have inspired and aided the commission of the meanest sins not only against the safety of the country, but against the cause of international duty. Jaurès is for an alliance with Germany. Oh! what treachery to the flag of France.

Bell is heard ringing. Graham and Antonio enter. All exchange greetings. Rapin offers seats.

GRAHAM. Had a splendid time last night at the Embassy. You Russians certainly have taste. For the height of hospitality we must look only to Russia.

ANTONIO. Lena, the divine Lena. How she sang those Russian songs. A child of Italy and sings those Russian songs with such expression. I felt in those melo-

dies, in the rendering of those ballads the immensity and beauties of the steppes. I must visit Russia and see the country. It must be very poetical, fantastic and strange, that enormous land, ranging from the coldest to the warmest climates, with such varieties of nationalities, each with its native customs and all adhering to Russia, that big, loving Russia, with its fertile soil, all attached to it as if it were a mother.

KOSLOFF. Come, Antonio, come, friend. A paradise, my boy. My mojik is kind, natural; he knows no hatred, loves God, the Czar and his country. Once you'll know him you'll always love him.

From the outside cries of "Long live Jaurès. We want peace," are heard.

GRAHAM. Again Jaurès. The man is certainly insane. He wants an English, German and French alliance. How stupid and preposterous. Does he think that our statesmen are asleep. Why, does he not see the enormous military power of Germany and the constant increase of military appropriations. They threaten the entire world. It is nothing short of treason to blind the people at a time when all forces must be concentrated to halt the coming invasion of the Teutons. We must see that all nations rise against this German colossus that threatens to conquer the world and dominate it with its steel-mailed fist. And where is the most vulnerable point of invasion? Naturally France. Does he not see this? Kill him, you foolish Frenchmen, before he brings dishonor on your flag. Yes, I mean it; sent him to heaven; it is there he belongs.

KOSLOFF. Good-by, friends; I must go. I'm thirsty.

GRAHAM AND ANTONIO. We also will go.

GRAHAM. Are you coming, Mr. Callet?

ANTONIO. Mr. Rapin, come along.

RAPIN. We must attend some office work. I'll meet you in the evening at Maxim's.

Kosloff, Graham and Antonio leave noisily. A few moments of silence. Rapin and Callet at their desks. From the outside voices of "Down with Delcassé. We want peace." Callet raises the shade, the square is peopled; it is towards evening; some lights in the square are already noticed.

CALLET. All these imbeciles in the mob are the dupes of Jaurès. We must put an end to his activities. Were I certain of success, I would not hesitate a moment to strike the blow. No more patriotic act was ever done by any man. Here, Gaston, take these 200,000 francs and make what use you find necessary of this amount, and if necessary I'll supply you with some more funds. I will finance all movements to bring about the silencing of Jaurès forever. *For God's sake* you shall not suffer anything. Everything is arranged so that no harm will reach you.

RAPIN (*deeply moved, rises suddenly and exclaims*). No, I shall not touch any money. I don't need it. At that crucial moment when I will see the nearing of the success of Jaurès, the alliance of France with Germany or a visible and decisive victory of the "International" I will strike at him. Is it anything, after all, to give one's life for France?

Bell is heard ringing; Charles enters with a card. Callet shows it to Rapin.

CHARLES. It is a lady who wishes to see you, Mr. Callet.

RAPIN. Oh! Mrs. Chabot. I suppose it is the letters; I'll leave you.

CALLET. Wait in the ante-room. I want to go out with you. (*Addressing Charles*) Tell the lady to step in. *Rapin and Charles leave.*

MRS. CHABOT (*enters heavily veiled*). I beg of you as I would a father; do not drag my family life into the open. I'm afraid of the scorn and ridicule of the people. The shame and ruin of my children. Pity, Mr. Callet, pity a mother. For my guilt I have dearly paid at the mention only in your newspaper of my former relations to Mr. Chabot. And now, the publication of these letters will bring disaster on my home. It will kill me. (*Sobs violently.*)

CALLET. I'm sorry, Madame; it is a duty I owe the people to expose the character and life of the leaders in whom they trust. It is a highly patriotic duty and I would consider it a treacherous act on my part not to publish this important evidence of your husband's character.

MADAME CHABOT. Believe me, it was all my fault. He is innocent; you accuse him wrongly. Anything else, but not the secrets of my family.

CALLET. No, Madame, they will be published to-mor-

row afternoon. A woman's tears will not help. I am wronging nobody. Your husband's ambitions must be discouraged, otherwise he will become too powerful to suit me. These are times when professional pacifists and false leaders must disappear from the political arena. We will employ all means of getting rid of them, and, I can assure you, with just cause. I am a journalist and satisfied with my position in society. He wants to climb high; let him climb if he can. No doubt you are anxious to assist him in either securing his present rank or help towards his advance, hence your visit here, Madame. You cannot. Other forces more powerful than you can imagine will not help to move me from this decision. The letters will be published tomorrow afternoon, Madame Chabot.

MADAME CHABOT. Oh! God! have pity; let me speak; have pity!

CALLET. You have spoken enough; you cannot make me act any differently. I'm here for the good and justice of those I represent. With me rests the whole responsibility.

MADAME CHABOT (*in rage*). You—you are a villain. A wild beast, devoid of pity. You reduced my happiness to a living hell. You devil in human form. It is by foul means you live like the basest coward. You publish lies and sell the columns in your newspapers to the highest bidder. Away with you, scum of society. A leach and viper whose venom is more deadly than that of the most poisonous snake.

Callet advances to the door, opens and calls for the porter, who enters.

CALLET. Take this woman out of here.

Rapin enters. Madame Chabot, weeping bitterly, is escorted out of the office by the porter. As she reaches the door she stops suddenly and raising her clenched fists, she screams.

MADAME CHABOT. I will kill you. (*Leaves the office.*)

CALLET (*to Rapin*). She became violent, thinking probably of frightening me with her hysterical actions. What could I really do, were I without this powerful weapon of publicity. Such types would always hold us under the sway of their power. The affair of Chabot is at an end.

The letters in to-morrow's paper will give him the death blow. Think of that. Too big a coward himself, he sends his wife, thinking in this manner to influence the editor of such a powerful and patriotic newspaper as ours is. The principles of our newspapers stand above petty individual patriotism of any sort. I consider our newspaper as a patriotic institution, published in the service of France and its people, and nothing else. We will write with respect of those who love and understand the government, but we will do our utmost to expose and destroy the influence of those who hate and depreciate the policies of the nation. Such another bad influence, and hurtful in the extreme to the government, is Jaurès, perhaps the worst agitator with whom the country was ever threatened. A veritable calamity endangering the very existence of our nation. It is true he is more difficult to handle than was Chabot. He has too many admirers; but I am confident we will get him by persistent efforts and the help of you, Gaston, and our friends, Graham and Kosloff. We shall soon see the day when Jaurès will be placed in safety. This must be done very soon. The critical time is nearing.

March music is heard from the distance; the march of the International.

CALLET (*pointing to the march.*) This is for us more dangerous than the whole Teuton army and navy put together. Jaurès must die before it becomes impossible to defeat his anti-war schemes.

RAPIN (*goes over to the window.*) It seems that all our articles against this man do not help. These demonstrations are growing hourly larger and larger. Jaurès wants to rule the people. No, no, this is no time for tolerating his vagaries. Germany must be crushed, and unless my love for my grand nation has slackened and lost its fire, he will not escape me. No, I am watching him in his every move. It is through many a sleepless night that I lie thinking when and how to wipe out Jaurès. God will help me.

March passes the office outside in the square, with cheers of "Long live Jaurès." Callet and Rapin leave the office together.

Curtain.

ACT II.

It is the house of old Lambert. A dining room with door and windows in the rear looking into courtyard. Another door on right of window opening into kitchen. Door on left and door on right of the room. It is the first floor of an apartment house. A beautiful summer day in July, 1914, with a brilliant sunshine flooding the room. Marie is setting the table. Lambert is seated in an armchair reading the paper.

MARIE. Is it true, Monsieur?

LAMBERT. Yes, true.

MARIE. How could a woman shoot a man and not miss? Isn't it wonderful? She must have been practicing for some time to be able to kill so sure. Aren't they swell, these society ladies?

LAMBERT. Don't be surprised, Marie. When the fire is kindled in a really brave and good woman, there is nothing grand enough and nothing impossible for her to accomplish. Madame Chabot is a heroine who showed all those who bismirch and trample on the tenderest feelings of a woman the punishment they deserve. There are many more editors of the stamp of Callet who thrive and become popular on similar and worse crimes. True enough, to kill is wrong; but, Marie, this is another chapter in the story. It belongs to the programme of modern education. 'Tis the art studied in colleges nowadays.

MARIE (*looking out through the window.*) Oh! Oh!—Gaspard is coming—in a soldier's uniform. (*Gaspard enters, embraces Marie, and greets Lambert.*) What is this? Are you going to war?

GASPARD. Maybe. I can't tell you positively. All I know, though, is that my regiment is called and it's nothing but drilling and drilling all day long. It takes me back to my recruiting days. The same nonsense repeated.

LAMBERT. You seem to take the whole thing as a joke. It's nonsense to you, eh? Yes, I remember just as it would be happening to-day; I also took it jokingly, as you do now;

but let me tell you, I was painfully disappointed. The sufferings and the horrors of battles are not as easy to bear as you might think; there are times when they are still haunting me, and you, Gaspard, a member of the Socialist party, an enthusiastic debator against armies, you have donned the uniform and are ready to go. Where is your conscience? Where is your independence? Are you really ready to go to war, you, the internationalist? I can't believe it.

GASPARD. Yes, Monsieur Lambert, and it isn't because I want to. You know how much I am opposed to this militaristic comedy, and how much I despise this science of murdering, but if that order comes you know what it means. Either compliance with the order, or well, you know the rest.

LAMBERT. And you throw all your ideals overboard? In vain, all useless and futile were all these years of fighting in your organizations for freedom, for the world peace, for the "International?" All this work in vain? You have now dropped everything, loaded your gun, and prepared to kill anyone you will be ordered to. For what good? For whom, my unfortunate friend?

GASPARD. All say, for France, for my country. They all say so. What am I to do?

LAMBERT. What should you do? Resist, unite, revolt. Go with Jaurès, the only man who puts his life in the extreme effort to stop all these preparations, which, if continued, will surely bring us war. He will travel all through France and tell every young man and all French mothers and fathers to refuse to let their only sons be slaughtered. He will travel through Belgium for the same purpose, and through Germany for the same purpose. Make the whole world rise, wake up, and be ready to shield us from the catastrophe that the politicians and the press, bribed by Russian, English, and Italian scoundrels, are bringing upon us. They cannot stop Jaurès, this fighter for the honor, virtue and liberty of the whole world. He has an iron will, and in his determination to bring about an alliance between England, France and Germany he will surely succeed. This is his life's work. Oh! how many times has this noble soul poured out to me this innermost wish of his

heart! But no, excuse me, I'm talking like an old fool. I have not the right to discuss the probability of war as yet. No, there will be no war as long as the International and Jean Jaurès is alive.

MARIE. And if war comes, will you have to go, too, Gaspard?

GASPARD. Yes, and all you will have to do is not to forget me and answer my letters from the battle front. Won't you?

MARIE. Don't worry about my answers. I am afraid of yours. You know, strange things happen. Some other one may strike you as better looking and smarter, more suitable to be your wife than poor servant Marie. But wait, do you really mean you are going to war? Will you go away from me and leave me alone?

GASPARD. Yes, Marie, and after the war I shall return, marry you, fix up a nice, comfortable home and work only for my Marie. Isn't that so, Mr. Lambert?

LAMBERT. H-m-m. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) Yes, yes, you may return.

MARIE. And if you do not return, if they kill you, what will I do? No, I won't let you go. I cannot remain alone. I want to be where you will be, and if you are killed, I, too, don't want to live any more.

GASPARD. Don't fear, Marie, I won't be killed.

MARIE. I'm afraid. Don't go, Gaspard, don't.

Marie cries vehemently. Lambert and Gaspard go over and caress her.

LAMBERT. There will be no war, foolish girl. He will not have to go. These are just manoeuvres, that is all.

The singing of a sad melody is heard from the courtyard. Marie and Gaspard are looking through the window in close embrace, listening attentively to the following song:

I am weeping, I am longing,
Since to war you went away,
And my heart is ever breaking,
I am sinking day by day.
All the people are rejoicing,
Battles have been won galore,
But to me they bring more sorrow
And the fear for you still more.

After the termination of the song a bugle call is heard and in marches, with bugle in one hand and the flag in the other, Leon, a boy about sixteen, in scout uniform; runs over to the old man, his grandfather, kisses him, and, seeing Gaspard, stops in surprise.

LEON. Gaspard, you in uniform! Are you a soldier? How I envy you. (*Addressing Lambert.*) Oh, grandfather, you should have heard Captain Fracasse. How he spoke to-day to the class and thrilled us all with descriptions and wonderful pictures of bravery in the battles with the Arabs! One incident especially impressed me. While in Morocco, commanding his regiment, he watched two of our men as they detached themselves from the line. At first it appeared strange, but on advancing a few steps they fell on the ground and began crawling on their bellies, dragging with them laboriously a machine gun up a hillock on that burning ground and with that scorching African sun over their heads. Slowly and carefully they crawled until they reached the summit overlooking the entire plain. Suddenly a detachment of Arabs was heard galloping in their direction. Our boys opened fire and in a few minutes horses and men fell to the ground lifeless, adding another glorious day to their regiment.

LAMBERT. Oh, you foolish enthusiast. Your captain's story is not finished. Why did he not tell you how many of our boys lost their lives in Morocco, and those poor Arabs, what have they done to us? Why kill them? Ask the brave Captain Fracasse, ask him why. Let alone thrills and spectacular descriptions. Think for yourself, Leon; think for yourself.

LEON. Again the same thing, grandpa; you know father does not like to hear this, especially in such times. He just told me to-day that he considered all those who spoke against our grand army as traitors to France. The Germans are waiting for an opportunity to subjugate us and we have to be ready to defend our country. Papa was called to the colors, and when he examined his uniform this morning I saw tears in his eyes. What is this, grandpa? What is this sincere pride in the service for France? What is it; tell me?

GASPARD. All this humane and sensible reasoning is

of no consequence, Mr. Lambert. This false patriotism is sucked in with their mother's milk. They start with the elementary training and continue all through the schools. A systematic teaching of the patriotism of murder.

LAMBERT. But we must overcome this savage instinct, this evil manifestation of nature, as we overcome the destructive power of lightning, the impregnability of mountains, the death-dealing diseases. It will be a slow work, but it will come; this military organization, this caste system, is suitable only for ancient and mediaeval times. The army, as Jaurès says, should be organized on a democratic basis. Everybody, officers and men, should be employed in useful activities. They should be one with the life and the aspirations of the country. The military caste of the Roman Empire was one of the main causes of its downfall. The Chinese, the oldest nation living, have survived, many other nations without any militarism to speak of, France is now trying to uphold militarism as a symbol of its power. This idea should be uprooted if we want to preserve her national strength for ages to come. My dear ones, there is a very old Russian legend that tells of a colossal giant who wandered over the globe looking for a point of support in order to move the earth from its old place, the place God set it in at the time of creation. This was the ambition of his life. He came to a village where the peasantry, awed by his size and strength, sent out the oldest of them to ask him to raise the small sack that lay for centuries back in the middle of a great field, but no one, not the strongest ever born to them could even as much as move it from its place. The giant smiled at the old man's proposition and with proud confidence in his enormous strength he marched to the spot where the sack was, followed by the entire village. At first he ridiculed the simple-minded peasants and proceeded to pull the sack, but there was no sign of its moving. Convinced that this task would not be as easy as he thought it would, he set his feet firmly in the ground and with his utmost force began to pull the sack. Thus he continued, exerting every bit of muscular power he had, but instead of moving the sack, his feet began to bury themselves gradually in the earth. Deeper and deeper he sank, until he was completely covered by the

earth. The legend says that on that spot there is now a big mountain.

Annette and Gaston Rapin enter; they greet all; Annette kisses Lambert.

LAMBERT. So good of you to come to see the old man. I want to hear news, Gaston. You were present at the shooting. Did she break down when she was arrested?

RAPIN. A cold-blooded murderess. She will pay with her head for this act. Everything we published was true. Her husband is robbing the government. We want the people to know the whole truth. This is no anarchistic state, where everybody can do as he pleases. You should have seen my poor chief lying on the floor of the office a disfigured cadaver in a pool of blood. He was a man of rare intelligence and a patriot of great distinction.

ANNETTE. I would certainly have done the same as Madame Chabot, should any one have interfered in my family life. I respect her.

RAPIN. But to you such a thing could never happen. She is not a virtuous woman. Didn't she commit a crime by conspiring against the former wife of Minister Chabot in order to take her place?

ANNETTE. True enough; it was a grave mistake, but it was forgotten. The world passed it by, and as to the innermost secrets hidden in the marital life of Mr. Chabot and his first wife, no one can tell. To make political capital out of such private affairs is, in my opinion, a serious crime that must lead to dangerous consequences.

LAMBERT. Oh, these newspapers. There is no limit to their meanness and corruption. They infest the entire world and are supported plentifully, financed by a base and degenerate political clique. Bitter grief wrings my soul when I read the daily calumnies against Jaurès. This honest man, who towers so high above all others. I tell you, Gaston, there is no man who works more for the good of France than he does. These editors can't understand such a man. Their brains are clouded and their hearts poisoned by too much good living and debauchery.

RAPIN. You are to be excused. The ideas you entertain are, to my opinion, the proof of senility on one hand and your friendship for Jaurès, your comrade, on the other.

Study closer his activities as well as the situation we are in at present and you will not speak in such superficial terms. You are giving me the same phrases that are to be found in all cheap Socialist and Pacifist pamphlets. Nothing but words showing weakness, which disgusts any one who has any red blood running through his veins. The love for France should stand above any flowery speeches, women's tears, children's wailings or old people's sighs. Well, Leon, did you exercise to-day in the military camp?

LEON. Of course, I reached to-day the highest number of correct shots since I began practicing.

RAPIN. There is a proud Frenchman for you, old man. This is the new generation, ready, prepared to sacrifice everything for his country.

ANNETTE. It is nice, this military training, until, God forbid, the time comes when he must leave for the front, where there is fighting and real danger. Will you, then, also talk with such courage? And if we lose this only son of ours, what is there left for us? What will France be without its youth? The flower of its people? For whom her glory, for whom her wealth?

RAPIN. It isn't so, Annette, not to train the youth to be brave soldiers is to leave the country an easy prey to the invasion of the Prussians. In such case many more will be killed, many more destitute, than by a systematic preparation for defense. It is true a good many young men will be killed, but these brave souls will die with a smile on their lips, knowing that they gave their lives in order to insure the happiness and safety of their brethren.

MARIE (*rushes in.*) Mr. Jaurès is coming. I saw him on my way from the bakery.

LAMBERT. Oh, Mr. Jaurès never forgets me. Good old chap. I'll go out to meet him.

RAPIN. I hate this man. I find no excuse for his speaking to the gallery, always interfering, busy, running around and preaching dreams and visions. If the public would only know what harm he does, they would not be so patient with him. They would kill him. He must stop his pernicious agitations.

LAMBERT. Because of your prejudice you can't discern the just from the unjust, the virtuous from the vicious;

therefore you cannot appreciate the great and majestic personality of Jaurès. (*Lambert goes out to meet Jaurès.*) Marie, put everything in order.

MARIE (*addressing herself to Annette*). What do you think of my soldier? He is talking only of going to war, and postponing our marriage until after he returns. Isn't he cruel?

LEON. You ought to be proud; you will then marry a hero, and you will be a heroine, walking on the side of a man full of medals for bravery. Especially if he comes back without an arm or without a leg. You will be called Marie, the wife of the brave Gaspard.

MARIE. This would be the least; I would not mind how crippled he returns. Will he return at all? I can work, and will be able to support him.

Lambert enters with Jaurès in conversation. Jaurès greets all. Rapin is reading a newspaper.

GASPARD. Oh, no, a crippled soldier, one who has shed his blood for his people should live in comfort all his life without cares for his daily existence. You, Marie, will not have to work; the government will support us.

RAPIN. What question! And how you shall live royally secure for the rest of your days!

JAURÈS. You have your family with you here. A few soldiers, too. (*Gaspard goes over to Jaurès.*) Hello, comrade. You are ready. Oh, no, you shall not have to go. Unnecessary preparations, friend. Don't you feel happy, Lambert, to have so many friends come to see you?

LAMBERT. Yes, they come to see the old man sometimes. True enough, they are opposed to me. They think they are wiser, and simply tolerate a senile old man. I longed to see you, Jaurès; I had so much to talk to you about; I wanted to look at you again, and see whether you really are the monster the conservatives picture you to be. Why, lately, they have never stopped barking. You must be doing them some harm. All the newspapers are now filled with such literature as will agitate and hasten everything towards the declaration of war. We must order a general strike all over Europe. Strike immediately so that these barking dogs will have no chance to lead us to destruction. Every day the hearts of the populace is shattered by

the uncertainty and prolonged anxiety spread everywhere by the newspapers.

JAURES. Quiet yourself, old friend; don't attach any importance to these editors. They can never forgive me for not mentioning them. All their threats and lies about me will not help. Now is the time to profit by the hesitation of the governments to enter a war, and organize ourselves. These are momentous times, therefore no impetuous zeal should transport us beyond cool reasoning. True fortitude that is warranted by justice and wisdom should guide us Socialists of the International. True enough, the peril is great, but it is not invincible, if we will keep our spirits alert, our will firm, and if we can unite within us the heroism of patience and the heroism of action, then the conception of our true duty will give us the power to accomplish it. At present we are probably at the beginning of the day when the Austrians are going to throw themselves upon the Serbians and Russians. This means a European conflagration; it may be a world conflagration. I don't want to look far for the responsibilities, my friend. Among all nations directly or indirectly responsible, we have our own share. While we were warning, that to enter by force of arms in Morocco meant to open for Europe an era of ambition for covetousness and conflicts, they denounced us as bad Frenchmen, although we were those who were full of anxiety for France. There you see is our part in the responsibilities, and it gains in precision if you know that it is the question of Bosnia Herzegovina that is the cause of the war between Austria and Serbia, and that we Frenchmen at the time of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria had neither the right nor the means to oppose because we were busy in Morocco and because we ourselves in pardoning of our own sins have done so to forgive the sins of others, and so our Minister of Foreign Affairs said to Austria: "We hand you over Bosnia and Herzegovina in order that you leave to us Morocco." And we passed around our offers of penitence from Power to Power, from Nation to Nation, and we said to Italy: "You can go to Tripoli because I am in Morocco; you can steal at this end of the street, because I stole at the other end." Each nation carried through the streets of Europe

its own small torch that had as a consequence this enormous fire. The duplicity of the Russian diplomacy is self-evident. They now take Serbia's part against Austria and here is what they say: "My big Slavic heart cannot endure any violence to this small Slav people of Serbia." When Russia intervened in the Balkans in 1877 and when she created Bulgaria, so to say independent, with the thought of getting her later, she said to Austria: "Let me do it and I will entrust to you the administration of Bosnia Herzegovina." You understand what diplomats mean by administration. From the day Austria and Hungary received the order to administer Bosnia Herzegovina she had but one thought, and that was to administer it for Austria's best interest.

In the interview that the Russian Foreign Minister had with the Austrian Minister, Russia said to Austria: "I will authorize you to annex Bosnia Herzegovina with the condition that you will permit me to establish a port on the Black Sea, in the proximity of Constantinople." Md'Aehrenthal made the sign which Russia interpreted as affirmative and authorized Austria to take Bosnia and Herzegovina; afterwards, when Bosnia and Herzegovina were in Austria's pocket, she said to Austria: "It is my turn now for the Black Sea." . . . "What?" was the answer. "What, did I say anything? Oh, no." And since then the trouble between Russia and Austria began between Isvolsky, Minister for Russia, and Mr. Md'Aehrenthal, Minister for Austria. Russia was the accomplice in the delivery of the Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria and in the infliction of the wound in the heart of the Slavs of Serbia. At present everything is yet in the dark; we do not know what may happen to-morrow. I hope that, notwithstanding all that has happened, and in the presence of the colossal disaster which is threatening us, that at the last minute the governments will settle and we will be spared the horror of the destruction a European war can bring. We Socialists must take it upon ourselves to save the people from the crime the governments want to commit. If there only remain but a few hours we must redouble our efforts in order to avert the catastrophe. Already in the Vorwaerts our comrades in Germany rose

indignantly against the Austrian note, and I think that our International will be convened. This is the only promise, the only hope for the re-establishment of peace. In the Wagram Hall on Sunday morning there will be a meeting of all Socialist Federations of the Seine. In this reunion we will expose the International situation and will set forth the activities the International Socialists are to expect from us. Such reunions in great numbers will keep the thought and will of the proletarians in full activity and will prepare that demonstration in immense proportions, which shall be a prelude to the Congress of the International. The most important thing is a continuous action and a perpetual awakening of the thought and conscience of the workers. Therein lies true safety; therein lies the guarantees for the future.

RAPIN. You will not do this. It is treason, this kind of agitation. Remember that it is the dignity of France that is involved. We want no repetition of Sadowa. It is paramount with every true Frenchman to show the world what an aroused nation can do, and rest assured you shall not stand in our way.

March music is heard outside; Marie, Annette, Leon, Rapin and Gaspard run to the window, wave their hands; Rapin, pointing outside, says aloud:

Thus beats the soul of France! It is those that die for France who remain immortal and enter the pantheon of the demi-gods whom the nations adore and whom the Hand of Time can no more harm. I am ready to pay with my life, if necessary, to shoot all miserable traitors, such as you are, to rid France of the friends of our enemies, the Prussians.

Jaurès rises, very much hurt, Lambert entreats him to sit down and calms him with words of consolation. March music is heard, soldiers marching in the street; Rapin looks out through the window, calls every one again to the windows and exclaims: Thus beats the soul of France. Long live France!

Annette, Leon and Rapin leave.

LEON. Forward, march. Left Left!

LAMBERT. He is an incurable fanatic. These are the most dangerous. He is otherwise an intelligent man, but his passionate patriotism blinds him completely. Although

my son-in-law, when it comes to this question he is rough and insulting. It is of such individuals you must take care.

JAURES. I'm used to this, my friend. Threatening letters and accusations of all sorts are daily showered upon me. I don't mind them; I am convinced that I am doing what is right. My whole life was spent in the service of the people, mingling among them and giving them the best that is in me, and just now to retire and leave them helpless, that would be cowardice. They probably will kill me, but this is no sacrifice in comparison with what I shall have taught my people. I want to prove a living example of the ideals I have been preaching all my life, for I believe that no one generally teaches the things he wants nor those things he knows, but he always teaches that which he actually is himself. I shall be among my people until my last breath. They can't instill fear in me, for I'm convinced that hope and not fear is the creative principle in human affairs.

LAMBERT. Still you must take some precautions. Remember your wife, your children, Jean.

JAURES. Yes, I love them. I have not given them much joy, but, my friend, there is a Superior power directing me. The power that lends life to this infinite universe and reaches out into eternity.

Trumpets are heard mixed with revolutionary marches and songs. All go to the window, wave their hands.

JAURES. Good-bye, Lambert; I'll see you at the meeting.

LAMBERT. Let me accompany you. I fear for you. These old, weak arms of mine will snatch away the weapon and prevent the murderer from consummating his miserable crime. Let me be near you. We need you, for without you chaos will reign; a chaos that will drench France in the blood and tears of the innocent. Let me be with you.

JAURES. Honest, Lambert, do not fear, for I am doubly armed. My death and my life are before me. I defy their threats. No fear and no guilt disturbs my rest. The work we do shall flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amidst wars or the wrecks of worlds. I am indifferent to death, comrade. I have confronted death unhesitatingly before, and I shall do the same now. Good-bye, friends.

Jaurès leaves. Lambert and Gaspard follow.

Curtain.

ACT III.

TABLEAU I.

An elegant parlor in Count Kosloff's apartment. The furniture and ornaments consist of a mixture of modern Louis XIV and Japanese, suggesting great wealth and a fancy for decorative trifles. From the ceiling hang chandeliers with various colored lights, the bluish predominating. A full-sized portrait of the Czar and Czarina is conspicuously hung. Several lounges are to be seen close to the walls, covered by richly embroidered spreads and pillows. A sweet, aromatic odor of incense in small cloudlets is in the air. Through large windows in the rear, numerous lights with a bluish mist, from the park opposite the apartment, are to be noticed. It is after midnight. Around a table covered with various wines and dishes a jolly company, consisting of the Count, Graham, Charles and Laurens, writers from Le Patriote, with girls, dancers from Maxim's, are amusing themselves watching Ninette executing a Greek dance after the classic composition played by pianist.

KOSLOFF. To the devil with worry and care for the morrow. (*Picks up glass of wine.*) Let us be merry! (*Goes over to Ninette stops her from dancing, embraces her.*) You pretty devil, here is my whole house at your disposal. Friends, my best wine and my heartiest welcome. (*Bell is heard ringing. Antonio enters.*) What is the matter? Why so late?

ANTONIO. How can you accuse me of being late? Didn't I know the exquisite beauties you have with you to-night? Why, I actually flew here as with an aeroplane. Oh, Ninette. (*Embraces all the girls.*)

GRAHAM. You are certainly affectionate. You certainly can flirt.

ANTONIO. How can I help it? Just look at them; my southern blood reaches the boiling point when I see the graceful Ninette.

KOSLOFF. Oh, yes, Ninette, she goes to Russia with me. Isn't that so, Ninette? There you will know what

life is. I will introduce you to the highest aristocracy, and I assure you, you will make a hit with them. Oh, how we love the French ladies. They are so delicate, so sweet, so charming. (*Kisses her. All laugh.*)

GRAHAM. Antonio! What are you sitting there for? Push right in between these two ladies; wake them up; they'll freeze without you. You know how to do it.

Antonio changes his seat; takes his place between the girls.

KOSLOFF. What's the continuous kissing going on? Are you mad, Antonio?

ANTONIO. It's my Sicilian temperament. I have it from my father. He was famous in Palermo; for there wasn't a girl in town whom he did not kiss, or attempt to, at least.

KOSLOFF. He must have been mad.

ANTONIO. Oh, certainly mad, always in love, but he did not bite. Just kissing once, twice, twenty times; he never tired. It was his sickness. Like this. (*Kisses his neighbor repeatedly.*)

KOSLOFF. If you do not enjoy yourselves to-night, my friends, 'tis your own fault. The smiles of these ladies should be enough to cheer you up, let alone the very best champagne and real Russian vodka. Long live the Czar of all the Russians!

All stand up and cheer, pointing to the Czar's portrait. The pianist plays the Russian national hymn. A man enters in uniform, announcing the Russian Ambassador. The Ambassador enters.

AMBASSADOR. Good health to you all. Do not disturb yourselves, my friends.

ANTONIO. Welcome to our little party, your noble highness. Let us all drink to the Ambassador's health. *All stand up, the Russian hymn is played again; all drink; they stand, waiting until the Ambassador finishes his glass and takes his seat; they then sit down.*

AMBASSADOR. What is the matter with the girls? Don't you like this wine? Poor girls; they are not used to it. Drink a little, and you will cheer up.

KOSLOFF. My ladies are used to it. Oh, yes, they are used to champagne and vodka; but wait; they haven't

had enough. Give them a chance. Let the wine rise up and they will beat us. (*Girls laugh.*)

Ninette takes her seat near the Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR. Did you dance to-night?

KOSLOFF. And how she danced! Like one of our own, with a little French grace added. We must bring her to Russia, Ambassador. Come, Ninette, dance some more. (*She dances.*)

GRAHAM (*taking out his watch.*) It is getting late. Three o'clock. Antonio, will you accompany the girls home?

ANTONIO Why, of course. Come, little chicks; come under my warm, soft, feathered wings. How I love you!

They leave merrily, the Ambassador, Graham and Kosloff remaining.

GRAHAM. I saw Rapin to-day and I expect him here soon. He is determined to assassinate Jaurès. I made an appointment with him here in order to encourage him. He understands our purpose and firmly believes in us.

KOSLOFF. And should he even fail, I shall be there in time to finish him.

AMBASSADOR. You cannot do that. It will spoil all our plans. The public will interpret it as a Russian conspiracy to drag France into the war. Neither you, Graham, nor Antonio should proceed in committing this act. It must be done by a Frenchman, in order that no doubt shall remain in the people's minds and that it is patriotism pure and simple that has urged a brave man to kill Jaurès, the only obstacle towards the waging of a victorious war against the Teutons.

GRAHAM. Now we feel the loss of our editor, that wonderful man, Monsieur Callet. He had everything ready.

Bell is heard ringing. Rapin enters, exchanges greetings with all, pays his respects to the Ambassador.

RAPIN. Gentlemen, we must wake up. Jaurès is preparing a gigantic demonstration towards peace. This humiliation before the Germans will render futile all efforts on the part of our governments to unite against our common enemy. I don't have to tell you how easy it is to appeal to the hearts and minds of the masses. He is inexperienced at this work, and I fear he will meet with success, unless—and here I tell you of my decision. I want

to put an end to his life in order to bring a sacrifice on the altar of French patriotism. As long as we are not secure from German aggression, we are not free. This grand nation that gave freedom to the whole world should have the help of the whole world in her own fight for freedom. My life is at my country's disposal.

AMBASSADOR. Long live France! (*Kosloff and Graham join.*) May such Christian spirit dominate our people as well, so that all traitors, demagogues and Jews be wiped out from among us. (*Takes out watch, greets every one and leaves.*)

KOSLOFF. So there is no time to wait. This means that before to-morrow evening Jaurès must be dead; all right; to-morrow we meet at the Croissant Restaurant. Jaurès will have his lunch there.

GRAHAM. Yes, that's right; we must finish it to-morrow, otherwise all is lost. The demonstration will discourage Gray, and I am sure he will stop abruptly any negotiations with France. This means the loss of the only chance presented in history to crush the German power.

KOSLOFF. My opinion, friends, is to draw lots as to who shall be the one to fire the shot.

GRAHAM. Very well, I agree.

RAPIN. No, friends, none of you can do it; it will make matters worse. It is the French nation that executes through me, the full-blooded Frenchman. Your participation will be misconstrued. I consider it a sacred privilege to save France from the man who works to undermine her existence.

GRAHAM. Yes, friend, we will be with you. Have you a good weapon? Let me see it.

RAPIN. I will purchase one to-morrow.

KOSLOFF (*taking out of his pocket a revolver and handing it over to Rapin.*) Here is the best American revolver, all charged. To-morrow, before lunch-time, we will be at the Croissant Restaurant. You, Mr. Rapin, must watch us through the window of the restaurant. As soon as I rise from the table and put on my hat, fire at Jaurès, who usually sits right close to the window. Empty the entire revolver so as to make his death certain.

RAPIN. Do not fear. I am an officer in the French

Army. I shall not miss the mark. (*Takes out watch.*) It is very late; I must go to bed and rest. Good morning, gentlemen. At Restaurant Croissant to-morrow.

Curtain.

TABLEAU 2.

Interior of the Croissant Restaurant. Perin and Poilu, two waiters, in conversation. There are no guests in the restaurant.

PERIN. Haven't I my daily wars for earning a livelihood? And when I reach home after a hard day's work, haven't I wars with my wife? Jaurès is right. The worker has other worries besides soldiering. Let only those go to war who don't worry about losing their jobs, do not fear the landlord and whose families live at ease.

POILU. Let these things alone; forget them; when your country wants you, you must go. Your father, grandfather, all went when they were called to the colors. They gave no excuses. They were brave; that's all.

PERIN. All right; but still I can't understand the whole affair. These newspapers make a man insane. Is there anything wrong with us? The revenge and the mourning of the Strassbourg monument are old and forgotten grievances. What is the difference between a German workman and a French workman? We are all brothers, each loving his home and his children in the same way. Each moved by the same feelings and neither of us having the slightest inclination to butcher the other.

POILU. Why don't you read with brains? Don't run away with yourself. Those damned Austrians, with the help of Prussians, persecute Serbians in Bosnia-Herzegovina (*pronouncing it badly*). That is why they killed the Austrian Prince Fritz in Sarajewo (*pronouncing it badly*). Now

Austria wants to fight Serbia for killing the Prince, but the Russians are sorry for the Serbians, and take their part. We, being allied with the Russians, must help them. There is the whole thing in a nutshell.

PERIN. Exactly. This is what they write and fill the papers with. You may be right and the newspapers may be right; but I don't know where that Servia is. And I never heard of such a prince. Why should we fight for people we don't know? Let them fight it out themselves.

POILU. Don't be foolish; the friendship of Russia we must not lose. Furthermore, what do you know about diplomacy? There are secrets that the people must not know. There is something going on between England, Italy, France, Japan, Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria. It is a very serious thing and then we want back Alsace-Lorraine. Don't look so wise; we are only waiters; if we work, we live, and if we don't, we starve. We must go when we are called.

PERIN. Well, we will go. (*They shake hands.*) But I hope at least when we return we get our jobs back again. On patriotism alone we cannot live.

POILU. Who thinks about a job when the country is in danger of a German invasion? We will let Jaurès take care of that. He will not give them peace until every worker gets his well-earned share.

PERIN. You see, though, that Jaurès wants only peace. When I served him last time, he figured out how many will be killed and crippled, because the Germans are prepared, while we are not. We have bad officers, not enough guns, and a corruption in the army which Jaurès is afraid will be the cause of our defeat.

POILU. What do you tell me about Jaurès. How could such a good-hearted and noble man be for war? He is a philosopher, a Socialist, therefore naturally opposed to killing. Oh, there are not many like him. Even his own comrades are different. Jaurès is an exception. He gives everything he has, his whole life, in fact, to carry out the purpose nearest his heart. But even at that we can't follow him, either. The country's call comes first. Whether we want it or we don't, whether she is right or whether she is wrong, we must obey the law.

PERIN. Will you go with me Sunday to the International Socialists' meeting in Wagram Hall?

POILU. No, I have no time. What do you bother? We will wait. When we are called, my friend, neither your reasons nor Jaurès' will help. We all march as quickly as they command us to. The command must be obeyed. God willed it so.

An aristocratically dressed woman about thirty-five comes in with a man about forty-five; they take their places at one of the tables in the restaurant. Perin and Poilu run over to them.

GENTLEMAN. Frankly to tell you, I love peace, not for anybody else's sake, but for my own. I like to sleep peacefully, drink my little glass peacefully, and live generally peaceful with the entire world. War or no war, I'll stay at home.

LADY. You are a coward.

GENTLEMAN. Oh, no (*beats his breast.*) I am a brave man; I am for war; my ancestors were all soldiers.

LADY. You are a liar.

GENTLEMAN (*takes out newspaper, shows it to the lady*). Here is a letter of mine in favor of war with Germany. Besides this, all my friends know that I am for extensive armaments, for building dreadnaughts, guns, fortifications, aeroplanes manufacturing of poison and dynamite. You know one must be up to date in society. What I told you before was only concerning myself. Sons, I have none to go to war; neither will yours go, for you have none. Nothing to fear, my dear, nothing.

LADY. Were I to have a dozen sons, nothing would make me prouder of them than to see my boys give their lives for their country. The mothers that are shedding tears and discourage their children from serving their country do so out of ignorance. We must enlighten them, and not encourage their stupid sentimentality. Is there anything nobler than to give your life for the country you adore? The most foolish spectacle I witnessed when serving as head nurse in the Balkan war was the crowd of women coming to the hospital daily, weeping and mourning in a dilapidated condition, presenting the most horrid and sombre scene. There was not one woman heroic enough to bear

her sorrow stoically. They caused greater grief to those they visited. Not so with the French women. They, I am sure, will prove worthy of the descendants of Joan of Arc.

GENTLEMAN. Drink your wine. You are not a mother; only a woman who has no children can become so hardened.

LADY. Pardon me; you are good for nothing. You are lazy and effeminate. Yours is not the joy of victory, the adventure of a hero, who is always on the watch, always in danger of losing his life. All you care for is the pleasure of a soft bed, a beautiful house and a gently rolling automobile. You only live in complete physical indolence, sweet music, kid gloves, and silk socks, among fashionable society, either golfing or reading a novel.

GENTLEMAN. You are right, but this is how I like it, and it isn't bad, either. If you like it otherwise you can have it. Go to the battle front.

LADY. Yes, I'll go, for it's glorious to walk about in the hospitals in the snow-white dress, and care for the wounded heroes. Oh, how gorgeous to watch a battle in action, with nerves strained to the highest pitch, ready, alert, capable of the most inconceivable acts of bravery. The spot where men and women bring forth the noblest and most wonderfully varied qualities. The scenes I witnessed in the Balkan war I shall never forget. How I long to be back again in this work. This lazy and uneventful life annoys me. I cannot be satisfied with every-day drudgery; the foolish love affairs of former times do not satisfy me any longer. Ah, for a nurse on the battle field!

GENTLEMAN. I think you ought to put on a uniform and enlist in the army.

LADY. You are jesting, but you shall see. I will organize women and train them into as good soldiers as any others; certainly better than you.

GENTLEMAN. You will soon get the opportunity. I don't care; for my part, let them fight. I haven't the required weight, anyway.

Four very distinguished looking men, all above the age of fifty-five, gray hair and giving the impression of wealth. They take their seats around a table in the restaurant.

FIRST MAN. I am delighted with the situation. The Germans are not going to fool us this time. Jaurès is active, but we are more so. What do you say?

SECOND MAN. It occurs to me very often, and sometimes I even suffer pangs of conscience for never having served in the army. With some excuse or other when I came of military age, I dodged it and was freed; but all the same, you know, my friends, I made good this mistake, not in the army, it is true, but in the field of statesmanship. *They all stand up and shake hands with him.*

FOURTH MAN. You will remain immortal. Soldiers we have many, but very few brains like yours, old fellow.

SECOND MAN. Listen to my warning; it's these crazy Socialists with Jaurès at the head who keeps us back from completing the iron ring around the Teutons.

FIRST MAN. I'll get my gun down and arm my sons, too, to shoot all these dissenters.

THIRD MAN. You are right, my friends. The disloyal citizens are a menace to society.

FOURTH MAN. We are too lenient with this peace at any price gang. Cowards with no backbone in them. Here is luck! *They rise and drink.*

LADY. See, these are examples of courageous citizens.

GENTLEMAN. You see those fellows there? The reason they are so brave is because they are too old, and certain not to have to go to war. For the young fellows, they don't care.

SECOND MAN. Should they succeed in making a big anti-war demonstration the government would be at a loss as to what to do.

FIRST MAN. It is only talk. There is no doubt in my mind that these same agitators will become good soldiers. The people love to hear promises of the good in Paradise. There is nothing to worry about. The resources of the nation are meanwhile concentrated. It doesn't hurt to give the people speeches, encouraging their fancies. They will bear their sufferings more patiently, leaving the government to continue its work.

THIRD MAN. Let them talk all they want; we have efficient methods of fighting them. First and foremost is the securing of well-paid jobs for the most influential lead-

ers. Why, it works like a charm. A secure position and a big salary quiets them wonderfully. Nay, they are even of greater value to us than a good many of our conservatives. The Socialists, the Syndicalists and all the other "ists" have the confidence of the people, and this is enough to put a damper on their dissatisfactions and tendencies to revolt.

SECOND MAN. You can't do it, though, with a man like Jaurès. We are to expect yet terrible uprisings instigated by this man.

THIRD MAN. Mr. Callet, our beloved editor of "Le Patriote," the victim of that hysterical woman, also feared Jaurès. But he repeatedly assured me that everything is prepared to make Jaurès inoffensive at the proper time.

FIRST MAN. This war, gentlemen, will not last long, for Germany cannot resist the entire world. The forces working against her are so immense and so overpowering as will bring about a dismemberment of the entire German Empire.

They leave. The only ones in the restaurant are Perin and Poilu.

PERIN. Did you hear what those old cocks said of Jaurès. Ha, ha, ha. They are afraid of him!

POILU. They are no soldiers. Fighting men never speak so much. Only cowards show their bravery in the cafés and restaurants. All they can shoot, and all they can bayonet, are bears' and lions' skins stuffed with sawdust. They are good at political job-hunting.

Graham and Kosloff enter in conversation and take their seats at a table left of the entrance in the restaurant.

KOSLOFF. If Rapin misses I will not let him escape. But I am sure he will not. We must strike immediately. We are now united and agreed upon that Constantinople must be Russia's, France must get back Alsace-Lorraine and England must retain the supremacy of the seas. One thing is certain, Germany and her allies intend to strike at us with the whole of their tremendous force. Only the concerted action we propose can save the world from Teutonic domination.

GRAHAM (*taking out his watch*). Rapin is to be here about this time. We will have something.

Rapin enters and takes a seat at the table of Graham and Kosloff.

RAPIN. I have positive information that Jaurès is leading tremendous demonstrations and is in touch with some members of the cabinet who are about to negotiate with Germany. The man is insane.

KOSLOFF. He shall not live to see this, what you may call insanity, in actual working order. How treacherous! At present, such momentous times for our nations, at a time when our existence, the life and death of our nations hang in the balance, to negotiate with Germany!

RAPIN. I am going, my friends; I have learned how to do my duty towards my country and do it I will; good-bye. (*Shakes hands and leaves. Graham and Kosloff stand up.*)

KOSLOFF. Long live the Entente! Rapin, remember the sign.

Lambert enters in conversation with a friend and takes a seat at one of the tables in the restaurant.

LAMBERT. What do they want of Jaurès, these criminal, hypocritical and degenerate newspaper editors? They do not stop at anything. Villifications and lies of all sorts fill daily their newspaper columns. I am only surprised that some lunatic or blinded fanatic has not killed him already. They are capable of anything. I will not be surprised if they hire a murderer to put him out of the way. I am continually warning Jaurès, but in vain; he will not take any precautions and will not leave his work for anything in the world. He fears no death!

Jaurès and friends come in and take seats at the left of a table near the window facing the street. The other tables in the restaurant are occupied by Graham and Kosloff. A young man and wife are dining.

LAMBERT (*on seeing Jaurès arises.*) There is Jaurès! You see I keep an eye on you, Jean. What are you doing here? Stop showing yourself in public places so often.

JAURÈS (*embraces Lambert and invites him to sit near him*). Don't be so concerned about me, Lambert. Do you think I am going to betray my people just now? Don't fear; they will not kill me. I am sure that as soon as this war craze of the ruling classes and intellectuals will be over they will appreciate my present work. I only mean

the good of the whole nation. (*Addressing himself to all surrounding his table.*) We must see that the demonstration be carried out as effectively as possible. Let our voices resound with such might as will convince the whole world that we don't want war, and if we don't succeed and they lead us into war against our wills, they will pay just as dear for the murder, the defeat and the shame of France.

After a pause the young man rises from his table and hands a photograph to a man sitting at Jaurès' table.

YOUNG MAN. This is my little daughter.

JAURES. May I see it? (*Smilingly he examines the photograph.*) Isn't she pretty! How old is she?

Rapin's head is seen looking in through the window towards the street. Kosloff gets up and takes his hat. Suddenly two revolver shots flash through the window. Jaurès falls to the floor. A woman's voice is heard screaming: "Jaurès is killed!" (General confusion.)

Curtain.



It is in the month of August, in the twilight of a very hot day; a large sun-sphere is setting in the horizon and spreading a variety of fiery colors through the scantily clouded sky. A file of soldiers with their captain are marching through the barren, dry and petrified grounds, desolate rocks, caves and curious volcanic creations blasted by strange spasms of nature. The men show signs of a long and weary march. Suddenly a woman, with her clothes in shreds, her hair disheveled, runs over to the captain, falls to her knees and weeps bitterly. The soldiers halt.

WOMAN. Let me be with you; I have no one but you; I will attend you when you are wounded and be near you when you are killed. Hide me somewhere; I will suffer all hardships, but pity me and don't chase me away from you any longer.

CAPTAIN. Again here! It's treason, my dear, to take a woman along with the regiment. As much as I love you, my duty towards my country comes first. To disobey the command of my general is to me worse than a thousand deaths. Do not tempt me into breaking my oath of loyalty. I will not do it! I would rather see you dead than have you interfere with the execution of my military orders. How often have I repeated this to you? Understand me. We must reach a military position. We have no time to lose. The enemy is close upon us.

WOMAN. I want to be with you, my husband. I want to be with you! (*Clings to him.*)

CAPTAIN. Go away, go!

WOMAN. I shall cling to you until my last breath. (*Grasps him about his limbs.*)

CAPTAIN. You will not go? (*Very much enraged.*)

WOMAN. No, no. (*Captain shoots her. Commands the soldiers.*)

CAPTAIN. Forward, march!

FROM "ARA PACIS" ALTAR OF PEACE.

By

ROMAIN ROLAND

De profundis clamans; out of the depths
of hatred I raise my voice in praise of
thee, Godly peace.

.....
The lamentations of the poor will
not smother it.

In vain I see the beautiful
mutilated body of Europe, borne upon
the rising blood drenched sea,
and hear the storm of frenzy tearing
souls asunder.

.....
Were I to be the only one left
I should remain faithful to
you. I shall not go to the blasphemers'
supper of blood. I shall not
partake of the body of the Son
of Man.

I am the brother of all, and I love
you all, you men whom it
was given an hour to live; and
you rob yourselves of this very hour.

.....
You join the hands and hearts of
those who in their flight seek
each other, and you put a yoke
upon the stubborn bull, so that
he may use the vigor of his steaming
loins, not for fighting, but *to draw in the earth*
the long deep furrow,
wherein the seed shall be planted.

.....
Brothers, let us unite our scattered
forces struggling within
the broken hearts, and clasp
our hands, so that we may wander
through life in rhythmic dance.

ACT III.

TABLEAU 3.

One year after the cessation of hostilities. A dining room in Gaspard's home. Jaurès' portrait hangs facing the audience. Marie, now the wife of Gaspard, is setting things in order and singing the same song she heard when Gaspard came to say farewell on leaving with his regiment in July, 1914. It is a beautiful summer day, and everything in the room is flooded with sunshine, setting off the extreme cleanliness of a careful housewife. Gaspard, crippled, enters the room with Lambert, who is very much aged.

MARIE. Back so soon? It does you good to walk in the Bois, Mr. Lambert. I see color in your cheeks. Aren't you tired? Sit down.

LAMBERT. It isn't so much the air that does me good as it is to watch the people enjoying as of old the peaceful pleasures, carelessly strolling along the roads among the verdure of the Champs Élysées. Forgotten is the past with its horrors when you walk among this happy crowd, and at home your tenderness, Marie, your kind attentions, give me new life. It is only when alone, thinking of my comrade, Jaurès, that I remain stupefied with wonder how such a wonderful brain and such a loving heart disappeared so suddenly; and then the catastrophe that robbed us of the bravest and most innocent children. It seems to me as if the Gods met their death when Jaurès met his. Oh, my dear friends, where would I be if not for you?

MARIE. We do nothing for you; we both love you, especially Gaspard. I am almost becoming jealous. Do you remember, Monsieur Lambert, the promise Gaspard made me before he left for the front? Well, I'll tell you right to his face that he almost came near breaking it. Imagine this brave soldier, with all his medals on his chest, fearing to marry me, because he had lost his feet in the battle! It took me some time to convince him that I loved him just the same without his feet as I did with them, but he would not believe me until we went to church and married.

GASPARD. I don't remember anything. You, Marie, make me forget everything. Your motherly comfort, to a physically broken down man as I am, more than repays me for all I have suffered.

MARIE. Why does he always talk about my helping him, pitying him? This man annoys me, Monsieur Lambert. I don't, I don't pity him, don't think he needs any pity.

Marie weeps. Gaspard stumbles over to her on crutches and caresses her.

LAMBERT. She is right; don't repeat such things. It makes her feel bad. It is her only joy in life to be near you and comfort you, because she loves you. (*Madame Annette Rapin enters, dressed in mourning.*) My daughter, how do you feel? Rest yourself.

ANNETTE. How can I feel? My dear father, you are the only tie that binds me to life. Please don't mind me; my only concern is about you.

LAMBERT. Do not worry about me, child. You see that girl there? She likes me and never tires working and caring for me. She herself is always singing and happy. You must also be like Marie. This continual sadness robs you of your health. Look! What a lovely day! Go out and enjoy the spring air and sunshine. It will make you forget your sorrows.

ANNETTE. I will never forget my sorrows. Father, mine was a double loss—a husband and a son. What am I without them, alone with my pain, a bereft mother wasting away and fading day by day in solitude. Gone are the tender caresses of my child, gone the hopes of his future and the feeling that my work will not die with me—that Leon will perpetuate it. (*Military march is heard. She glances through the window.*) Whom are they encountering with such glory? Some generals, gray and withered with age. Pompously arrayed they ride on their splendid horses to the sound of trumpets and martial music. How majestic! But who is to encounter my little soldier? Where is he? Dead, dead! Forgotten! Thrown into a huge grave with a thousand other little soldiers. Oh, justice! Where are you? This pain crushes me to the earth! Would that its crust might open and swallow me! I am a burden

to myself and feel my conscience dismembering me. Why did I let them take Leon away from me? I should have clung to them with my teeth until my head would have been torn off my body. I should have screamed aloud—destroyed everything, so as to frighten the generals and make them return to me my only son. Instead, I submitted, shed tears and satisfied myself with worrying, and here I am now still worrying. Not the slightest energy in me to punish those who **condemned them** to death. Silent, Christ-like, I patiently suffer, even prayers are insufficient to ease my aching heart. In fact, I cannot pray. The cry of “Mamma” from my child in agony of pain from wounds haunts me daily. With not the slightest pity has God answered my prayers. (*She rises.*) The murderers had no time to wait; so young, yet so young, so beautiful and so strong, a rosebud torn from its stem. It was just such boys they took without mercy. What have I done to receive such terrible punishment? The child, whom during the long nights of infancy, I hugged to my breast, now not even to know where his grave is. Oh, God! Make me insane, so that I may not understand nor feel this terrific pain. (*Music is heard from the street.*) See them singing and marching to the tunes of war and victory! How cruel! How blind! Don’t they see the conqueror’s hands full of the blood of the slaughtered millions? Oh, father! for you I feel a sympathy and an understanding nothing else in the world could replace. Why were they not all like you? Why did they not mind you?

LAMBERT. It was his fault. Leon, poor boy, was his victim. Such a young life, just beginning to bloom! (*Sad music is heard. All are listening.*) And my dear friend, Jaurès, too, all the good and brave men. Oh, this accursed Patriotism. Look at its consequences. A world was ruined. What for? At present just as before the war the people who have within themselves the character and mind to feel and understand justice and kindness are the only ones who respond to the world’s needs and aspirations; those who live uncompromisingly all their life by these principles, are now, just as before, engaged in just as keen a struggle for room to live on this planet. Such a man will never use a murderous weapon unless the brutes will intimidate and coerce him

into doing so. His is a continuous battle for life, the eminent example which teaches mankind, that in order to live in freedom all vestige of hatred and domination must be uprooted. Thus to have lived and fallen in the battle of life is the only true heroism that ever existed in ages past and will exist to the end of time.

Only a year has passed and it is only now when peace reigns all over the land that the blind war leaders fully acknowledge the prophecy of Jaurès. How many times did he predict this calamity, whether it be defeat or victory for France. Jaurès will live eternally in the hearts of his people! Go out, Annette, go out for a walk with Marie and enjoy the cool, healthy air. Do me a favor, Marie.

MARIE. Very well, I shall do this, but only for your sake. I would never do anything for Gaspard, never.

Gaspard rises and embraces Marie. All laugh. Marie and Annette leave.

LAMBERT. It breaks my heart when I see Annette. My poor daughter suffers terribly.

GASPARD. You are softened too easily Monsieur Lambert. No wonder; it's a long time since you have been on a battlefield. I lost a good deal of my former sentiments. They can't get the best of me. I am no more the Gaspard you knew. No matter how much I try, there is still in me, the one-time Socialist, a good portion of brutality. Of course, it's my kind Marie who helps to soften and humanize my nature. I would be very miserable without her.

LAMBERT. You know I thought of it many time and could not imagine how you fought. I am always looking with astonishment at your medals, these official signs of a successful murderer.

GASPARD. To make you understand how completely I changed from the man you formerly knew, I will relate to you one of my experiences. It was in September, 1914. One night I was entrenched with my company behind an earthwork, south of the Aisne. The Germans had been hurled back from the Marne, but the new lines were not yet formed. For two weeks I had not slept and had not taken off my shoes. Every moment wrecked my nerves with anxiety at the expectation of another attack in the darkness. Between short intervals of drowsiness I stirred

myself up to take careful aim at a clump of bushes between the lines and fire a couple of shots with my automatic pistol. When next our lines moved forward, I found six dead Germans behind the bushes at which I had steadily aimed the day before. In the pocket of one of them was an unfinished letter, which told of a mother and five children who would never see the supporter of their home again. There was also a pair of woolen socks. I took the letter and the socks. A few days later we were given leave for sleep. No sooner had I reached my quarters than I took off my shoes, chafed my numb feet until they became a little warm and put on the German's socks. A comfortable, warm glow came over me for the first time in days. Suddenly I sat up wide awake and filled with horror. I saw before me the father and husband whom I had killed, and taken the socks the mother had made for him, without the slightest qualm. This did not last long and soon I felt comfortable and glad that I had them. When night fell, then my conscience began to torture me. I could not sleep, incomprehensible thoughts whirled through my brain. Only a few short weeks of war and see what it had made of me, the radical, the Socialist. What will it do to a man who never felt as I did about war, who never even dreamt of real brotherhood. Well, I confess to you, Lambert, that within a year I got to be as bestial as all the rest. I became hardened, not suffering any pangs of conscience at either the murdering by my own hand or at the sight of the most horrible cruelties committed by others! I used to be the best at working with a long knife, dodging the German's bayonet and disemboweling him in one movement.

LAMBERT. Stop, stop, enough of this! You are a veritable beast.

Annette and Marie enter.

MARIE. We had a lovely walk, and met so many friends. They are all going out to-morrow to the cemetery to lay flowers on the grave of Jaurès. Aren't we going, Gaspard?

Lambert's head is bent and he is very sad, Annette sitting on a low stool near him holding his hand. Night is falling.

MARIE. You again repeated your murderous stories, the ones you delight in telling so often. It is not a pleasure to hear them! It makes us all feel sad.

LAMBERT. You had no right to go to the front. You should rather have been shot as a traitor. Why didn't you follow Jaurès, your honest, upright teacher. If only a handful of International Socialists had sacrificed their lives for the ideals they professed, millions of human lives would have been saved. What have you done? You have destroyed the very temples you prayed in for salvation and mercy! From the supplications with the Savior and the confidence in His eternal vigilance, from the holy of holies, by a sudden twist in your conscience, you turned to the gun, the dreadnought, the asphyxiating gas, the Zeppelin, as your protecting Divinities. Oh, that the whole world had been consumed by the fire of its sons rather than witness this murder among brothers.

Complete darkness. Jaurès appears within a pale light and speaks.

JAURES. It shall not be so, for on this earth there are good men who are to bear the torch of freedom, so that the majesty of suffering labor shall speak in a million tongues and mold the nations so that no ills crush down the workers by the burden of mistrust, by wars and expectations of wars. These men must establish the International concord and see that all free nations give their services to liberate the small nations that are enslaved. The soul of these small nations is at present mutilated, their genius incomplete; and for the great task that shall bring the independence of the worker and that of the whole human organization, we need brains that have their original force and the genius that is possible only under sound and proper development. In the succession of these epochal events none can compare in its infinite historical value to that, which the world has witnessed in the destruction of the last fortress of tyranny, Russian Despotism. The Road is clear to all those who see the light for the day has come when all nations shall be regenerated and every man, no matter what he was before, must return to his own people and work for a reunion among nations which does not by any means imply

the amalgamation of all human kind into one people who speak one language, and belong to one creed.

There shall be no more military castes. The people themselves, the people organized shall guard and prescribe through an international union the means for saving the independence of all nations from aggressions from without, at the same time guarding the freedom of the people from the aggressions and domination of the classes.

LAMBERT. *Jaurès*, my friend!

Curtain.



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE LIFE OF JAURES

Jean Jaurès was born September 3, 1859, in Castres, a town in the province of Languedoc, one of the most wonderful regions in France, remarkable for its massive granite formations, united with vast stretches of hardened lava. This region has given France and humanity a rich harvest of great men of an enthusiastic and positive nature: Guizot, Auguste Comte, LaFayette, Lapeyrouse, Rivarol, Ingres, and many others.

The family of Jaurès belongs to the middle class; not wealthy and not free from the necessity of constant struggle for existence. Because of his robust constitution, his touching simplicity of manner, his passion and capacity for work, Jaurès reminds one of a cultured peasant. At times he used to say of himself: "I am as stubborn as a peasant." Owing to lack of means, Jaurès made his studies with the help of a benefactor, M. Felix Deltour, to whom, at his graduation, he dedicated a philosophical thesis.

The youth of Jaurès was entirely given up to study. Already in school he astonished his comrades with the brilliancy of his oratorical qualities. Gifted with a prodigious memory, he very cleverly inserted in his improvisations whole passages from classic authors, ancient and modern.

In 1876 he entered the Lyceum Louis Le Grand, and in 1878, at the age of 19, the normal school, from where he graduated in 1881. At first he was a teacher in a lyceum for young girls in Albi. He later became instructor at the University of Toulouse, where he taught from 1883 to 1885, where for the first time he was elected member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was at the time 26 years of age and because of his youth he was designated to the secretarial office on the day of its opening. From this time on until his death, July 31, 1914, the life of Jaurès remains inseparable from the cause of Republican and Socialistic France. Since 1893, when he definitely joined the Socialist movement, he did not cease to be in the first rank amongst the fighters for the rights of the people. He will pass in

history as the apostle of ideal and humanitarian Socialism, and by his glorious death as a martyr for universal peace.

Before passing to his parliamentary activity, which occupied half of his life and extends for about a quarter of a century, we will point to two theses, one in French, entitled "The Reality of the Sensible World," and one in Latin, entitled "The Spiritual Origins of German Socialism."

To Jaurès, German Socialism was not the product of the materialistic followers of the extreme left in the philosophy of Hegel, but of those idealists called Luther, Kant, Fichte and Hegel. After him the Socialists are the true disciples of the German philosophy, and, as it were, the German genius itself. Apparently one would believe that socialism flourished mainly in England, because it was in England in particular, that the new economic order, having money as its causative principle, assumed great proportions.

England was the place where in many ways the process of economic development could be best observed and determined. But who saw and described it? It was not an English philosopher; it was a German living in England—Karl Marx. If Marx had not imbibed in his spirit the Hegelian dialectics, he would not have attributed the whole economic movement in England to this very dialectics. England furnished the facts, German philosophy interpreted them. Socialism was born in the German spirit long before the abnormal growth of the great industries, and the appearance of conditions leading to economic socialism. In short, to understand German Socialism it is not enough to look only at its present particular and transitory form which Bebel and the others lend it; its origin must be searched into; this means into the entire source of the people's consciousness and intelligence. This is why I analyzed the Christian Socialism of Luther, the moral Socialism.

In 1891 Jaurès did not as yet belong to the Socialist party. He knew Socialism only in theory from the study of its ideas in books. It was principally the moral and philosophical side of German Socialism that attracted him, as the following paragraph in his thesis shows:

"We know that German Socialism is not pure and contemplative philosophy; it is fighting the foundations

of the actual civil society. It is not only a doctrine, but a party in the State. Even philosophy itself sometimes becomes bellicose and unfolds its arms and mixes in political combat. It does not look to the heavens only, but also to the earth.

"If Socrates caused philosophy to descend from heaven, Socialism has caused Justice to descend from there. This means that it scans the region of ideas for practical views on the arrangement of this terrestrial life. Fichte, Lassalle, Marx, Schaeffle, were at the same time leaders of movements as well as masters of philosophy.

"Penetrating German Socialism, we find included in it a philosophy. It claims that there is in history and political economy a certain dialectic, which changes the form of things and human relations. It defines liberty, not as an abstract faculty to be chosen from contraries, not as the hypothetical independence of every citizen taken individually, but as a true basis of human equality and social concord.

"German Socialism contains a solid dialectical doctrine of human liberty, of nature and of God, which is destined to become universal."

Whole libraries could be gathered from the attacks and calumnies directed against Jaurès. The "*Temps*," the journal of the French bourgeoisie, used to have daily one, and sometimes two, articles against Jaurès.

Jaurès died poor, but lived always in comfortable circumstances. His political life, especially during the period of his activity in the Socialist party, was a continuous battle, even in the material sense of the word. Jaurès, who rarely spoke of himself, related at the Congress of Toulouse his experience while touring his election district in the town of Carmaux. He tells of assaults with fists and stones, of attempts at murder at the hands of savages instigated by the opposing party. He resisted all these and attained success by the courage of his convictions.

The adversaries of Jaurès were not contented by using all means against his personality in fighting his political activities, but went so far as to search into his family life,

which was known to be pure, and pass malicious criticism upon it. In 1901 the first communion of Miss Madeline Jaurès furnished them the occasion of airing an important incident. Jaurès was forced against his wish to publicly expose his intimate life in order to clear the misconception that began to arise between him and Socialist opinion. His reasons were published in the "*Petite République*," a newspaper to which he contributed articles since 1893. It is a proud and dignified document, which is characteristic of this great and good man. Here is an extract:

"It is about three months since the church press announced with marvelous pomp, and full orchestration, that I allowed my daughter to take her first communion, that I submitted myself to the outrageous and triumphant ridicule of certain people and the painful astonishment of some others.

"Our enemies have given to the true facts the most calumniating interpretation, adding the most Jesuitic lies. They said that this religious act was my voluntary expression, my personal conviction, and that I have been guilty towards the party of an incredible duplicity.

"This is a lie! I have been, since my adolescence, free from all religion and all dogma. They took advantage of the fact that I called the attention of the university inspection to certain irregularities in the Congregational schools, in order to say that I entrusted the education of my daughter to the congregation.

"I repeat she never had others but secular teachers, that she was brought up in a secular school in College Sevigné and the Lycée Molière. She is even now studying at the Lycée Molière. To turn the facts so shamelessly it was necessary to employ all the hatred of the Jesuitic clericalism.

"Which is, in fact, the true issue? It is not my person only that is involved; it is the great majority of people affected by the same circumstances. How does the problem present itself?

"In the majority of the families of the middle class and proletarian Socialists the young girls are neither clerical nor free thinkers. On becoming wives and mothers they do not expect to lead a life of minute and fanatic devotion.

They disdain the bigotry and horror of intolerance. The husband and father does not believe and does not practice. They will not accept for their children a circumscribed education; they desire to remain in contact with the whole modern world. They are, therefore, not clericals, with the exception of a very small number of workingmen or middle class men, who have retained the feeling for the Christian belief and Catholic tradition. They have not denied religious belief. They have not created for themselves by science or philosophy another conception of the universe. They have not, outside of Christianity, all the points of support of their moral life.

"In order not to appear exclusive or intollerant, they keep some religious traditions: Ceremonies of marriage, birth and death. They are not certain as to the right to interrupt, out of consideration for their children, the traditions which they themselves have not entirely abandoned. The last word of great educators demands that children, whether religious or non-religious shall have a free education under the guidance of masters who teach them to think, who do not hide from them any of the works of the human intellect relating to life and liberty. The child learning gradually to exercise control of his conscience will either continue or abandon the religious traditions. This is the state of the Catholic women of France. They are not chained to the order of the church, but they are not as yet free from dogma. Imagine one of us marrying a girl with a similar bringing up, and after ten, fifteen, twenty years of marriage he gets to be, by study and research, from an indifferent radical, a very ardent revolutionist, a militant in the cause of social justice strongly antagonizing the church. Has he the right to give no consideration to the faults in the education he accepted at the time of his marriage? Has he the right to break the home by violating the transaction which formed the common basis of its foundation?

"This is the problem that presents itself in life to nine out of ten of us. And I know that this question the majority will answer as I did. But never did I say (here lie the ruse of the clericals and their abominable lies) that we will abolish the ancient beliefs by violence in the family

or in the state. I always appealed for a gradual organization of freedom and for the cultivating forces of science and reason."

Jaurès has written several books of deep human interest. Among his early works are: *The Reality of the Sensible World* and *The Origin of German Socialism*. Two philosophical theses—*Socialist History of the Revolution* and *The New Army*. These are his most important publications. They constitute a valuable asset to the cultural development of the whole world; nevertheless it is his life work for social betterment and the sacrifices he made for his ideals that place him among the great immortals.



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